

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK  
UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

Copyright, 1902, by  
FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS  
All rights  
reserved  
Copyright, 1902, by  
A. J. DRESEL BIDDLE

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### Edith's Confession.

"The papers say Mr. Morris will be arrested! It's awful, Jessie! Look at the big headlines! Isn't it awful?"

Edith Hancock's cheeks were reddened with excitement as she dashed into her cousin's room. "Mr. Blake was here while the general was at breakfast," she gabbled on, breathlessly. "They talked a minute and then he hurried away. Isn't Mr. Blake lovely? And he's so big and handsome, and generous, and good-looking, and manly, and—everything. I just love him, Jessie, don't you?" She looked closely at Jessie Carden.

"I like him, Edith. It wouldn't do for both of us to love him, would it, cousin mine?"

"He loves you," protested Edith, with a blush. "I know he does. Are you sure you don't love him, Jessie, just a little bit?"

"Quite sure," laughed Jessie, as the roses came to her cheeks. "I can only love one man at a time—it's conventional, but it's true."

"You still love John Burt? What a foolish little sweetheart you are, wasting your life on a man you haven't heard from for years! You're jesting, Jessie; don't reject Mr. Blake."

"It's not likely I shall have a chance," said Jessie. The little face had grown very serious. "I sincerely hope not, Edith. John Burt is not dead, and he has not forgotten me. He will return, and, rich or poor, my faith is in him. I know he'll come back, and when he does he'll find me true."

There was a trustful light in the deep brown eyes and a longing smile touched the tender lips. Edith's face was lighted with joy as she clasped her cousin's hands.

"You're the dearest darling in the world, and no man is good enough for you," she exclaimed. "John Burt

incarnation of the terrors of hell, relieved by some of the joys of heaven.

John Burt was in his office at eight o'clock, and Mr. Hawkins and James Blake joined him a few minutes later. "Is General Carden here?" asked John.

"He's in my room," replied Blake.

"Give him the cash for that L. & O. check and have him present the option at Randolph Morris & Company the moment they are open for banking business," instructed John Burt. "Bid L. & O. above twenty-seven until General Carden has the stock in his possession. Send two witnesses along with him. That will prevent any chance for a quibble. When he comes back with the stock, turn it over to me."

"Aye, aye, General Burton!" exclaimed Blake with a profound salute. He seemed in high spirits as he left the room.

Let us look in on another scene. There was no outward sign of excitement in the offices of Randolph Morris & Company. Morris took personal command of his brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

"It won't be much of a shower," he said to his followers, with airy bravado. "Hang on to your stocks; we'll pass those ordinances yet. I control Cosmopolitan and am able to protect it against all the lars and swindlers from San Francisco to New York."

Cosmopolitan opened at a loss of several points, but the selling by Blake brokers was not so heavy as had been expected, and the stock rallied when given support by Morris and others interested with him. The young millionaire speedily regained his courage.

"Bid 'em up; bid 'em up!" he whispered to his head broker. "We've got the Blake crowd on the run already! They dare not sell. Take all they offer and bid for more!"



"Make him stop, Jessie; you can find some way to do it; I know you can!"

will return; I'm sure of it, and he'll be proud of you. But, Jessie, you must not let Mr. Blake propose to you. You won't will you, Jessie?"

"Why?" asked Jessie in surprise.

"Because—" and Edith faltered. She lowered her eyes in confusion, but when she looked again in Jessie's face they flamed with passion.

"Oh, Jessie, can't you understand? I'm jealous of you, horribly, madly jealous," and she threw herself sobbing on her cousin's breast. "I know it's not your fault that he loves you, but you can make him stop. Please make him stop. If it wasn't for you he would love me. Tell him—tell him anything so that he will know that you don't love him! Oh, Jessie, won't you?"

"What can I tell him?" asked Jessie in amazement. "I can't make him propose and then commend him to another. But, Edith, darling, I'm so sorry, so awfully sorry!"

When Jessie could command herself she asked if Edith really loved him.

"I loved him the moment I saw him, and he fell in love with you at the same instant," declared Edith Hancock, whose intuition had told her the truth. "Make him stop, Jessie; you can find some way to do it; I know you can. Oh, why are people always falling in love with those who don't love them, and are blind to those who love them to death?"

Jessie could not answer that world-old question, and vainly attempted to soothe her. In anger and mortification Edith rushed from the room, and when Jessie knocked at her door a few minutes later there was no response but the muffled sound of sobs.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### Tale of the Ticker.

A thousand men were scattered through the hall of the New York stock exchange. The clicking of innumerable telegraph instruments, the tinkle of telephone bells, the shuffling of feet in the encircling galleries, the distant murmur of street traffic, all blended with the noises from the floor into a chord which held the majesty of bass and the thrill of soprano.

A gong sounded. Its reverberations were lost in the vocal explosion from a thousand lungs.

A moment later and the acts of these seeming maniacs were flashed around the world. A million miles of metallic nerves focused in this center and throbbled with the earth's history for the day. Wall street is a mundane

It was only a moment past ten o'clock when General Carden walked briskly up the marble steps and entered the Morris building. He stopped at the outer railing and addressed Mr. Mason, the Vice-President of the company.

"I hold an option on ten thousand shares of L. & O. stock," said the general, producing an envelope from an inside pocket.

"Yes?" Mr. Mason raised his eyes with a faint show of interest, and tapped the brass rail with a pencil. "So I understand, General Carden."

"Under its terms I can take up the stock at a stipulated figure, provided the market price is above twenty-six dollars a share."

"That is the agreement. You owe us about two hundred and eighty thousand dollars on that stock, General Carden. Do you wish to pay it today?"

A sarcastic smile played around the corners of Mr. Mason's mouth.

"I do. I demand the stock and will meet the terms in cash."

"Very well, General Carden, it can quickly be arranged."

There was no change of expression on the grave face of the banker as he turned to a clerk and ordered him to produce the stock from the vaults. Mr. Mason glanced at the option and made a rapid calculation.

"Two hundred and eighty thousand, four hundred and sixty-seven dollars and seventeen cents," he said, passing over a slip of paper. "Is that your figure?"

General Carden bowed and motioned to one of his companions, who placed a satchel on the counter. From its depths General Carden produced the money demanded and exchanged it for the stock.

"I trust your faith in the value of these certificates may not prove amiss," said Mr. Mason with an icy smile. "I bid you good day, sir."

General Carden bowed gravely and turned to the door. As he did so Arthur Morris entered, his face flushed with triumph. In his haste he ran into General Carden.

"I beg your pardon! Oh, it's you, is it?" and an evil light came to his eyes. "What in hell are you doing here? You're discharged—fired; d'ye understand? Get out of here and keep out!"

Morris stepped behind the brass railing and from that retreat shook his hand threateningly at the man who had aroused his rage. General Carden deliberately removed his glasses and walked towards him.

"You are a cur and a coward, Morris!" he said, looking at the younger man with blazing eyes. "Lay a hand on me if you dare!"

With a muttered oath Morris turned and left the old soldier standing defiantly by the railing. A minute later General Carden entered a carriage and was driven rapidly to the offices of James Blake & Company.

In the meantime Morris had followed Mr. Mason to his private office. "I'd like to punch old Carden's head, and I'd have done it hadn't it been for you!" he declared. "What's he prowling around here for? What did he want?"

"He demanded his L. & O. stock," replied Mr. Mason.

"His L. & O. stock," repeated Morris. "Well, what of it? He didn't wish me to make him a present of it, did he? If he comes around again tell him to dig up about three hundred thousand dollars and he can have his stock."

Morris laughed as he stepped to the ticker.

"He showed his option, demanded the stock, and paid over the money," said Mr. Mason slowly, "and I gave him the certificates."

"Old Carden took up his stock and paid over the money? What do you mean, Mason?"

"I mean just what I say, Mr. Morris," was the reply. "Do you know what has happened? With that stock you lose control of L. & O. Someone is back of General Carden in this transaction."

"Blake! Blake!" gasped Morris.

He clutched the arm of his chair and the muscles of his neck twitched nervously. Pacing up and down the room he burst into a storm of incoherent profanity.

The ticker, which had been silent, spluttered rapidly, and the ominous sound did more to call Morris back to his senses than had the sober words of the broker. He lifted the tape and eagerly scanned the characters. "What's that? This must be a mistake! Five hundred shares of L. & O. at 38! It must mean 28!" Morris gazed at the figures like one in a trance.

There came a violent rapping on the door, and, without waiting for a response, a broker entered. His collar was torn open and his hair was rumpled and moist with perspiration. "Blake & Company are bidding up L. & O.," he exclaimed. "I've sold them four thousand shares up to 35, and they are yelling for more. How does it stand now?"

He took the tape from Arthur Morris' nerveless hand.

"Thirty-nine! Thirty-nine and a half! Six hundred at forty! A thousand at forty-one! Something's up, I tell you! What shall we do, Mr. Morris?"

Morris gazed hopelessly at Mr. Mason.

"What can we do?" he asked, weakly. His brain was in a whirl.

A heavy step was heard in the hallway and Randolph Morris entered the room.

"You've raised hell, haven't you?" was his greeting to his son and heir. "I told you to keep your nose out of this Cosmopolitan business. You've made a fine mess of it! I suppose you think, because the bottom hasn't fallen out of Cosmopolitan, that you're all right, don't you? Been supporting it, haven't you? Of course you have. You're an ass! Admit it, and take your losses. I'll bet this damn fool play will cost more than a million."

"Tell him about this business," said Arthur Morris, suddenly turning to Mr. Mason.

In a few words the latter explained what had occurred in L. & O. The old millionaire's face was a study during this hurried recital.

The look of anger changed to one of perplexity and then to fear. The millions amassed in a lifetime were menaced in his old age, and the fires of defense and defiance blazed again in the eyes of Randolph Morris.

(To be continued.)

## The Salt of the Earth.

It was a damp day, when evil spirits held high carnival. Many things went crosswise under the spell of their witchery, but they exercised a particularly baleful influence on the salt, which clogged and stuck, and in spite of vigorous shaking and pounding, refused to sift out of the boxes. All the lunchers in a restaurant found themselves handicapped by this aggregation of seasonable particles. One woman alone solved the problem of salting her food properly. She, after repeated attempts to dislodge a few grains, drew a steel hairpin from beneath her hat, cleared the perforations in the top of the shaker, stirred the salt to a powder and proceeded to season her vegetables.

The man opposite sat amazed at this truly feminine expedient for running the universe. Once he seemed on the point of remonstrating, but he thought better of it and went on eating in silence. In fact, everybody remained silent except a fat man at a nearby table. He brought his face into alarming proximity to a plate of steaming soup and gurgled softly: "Well, I'll be darned!"

## A Divided Allegiance.

The mother of a young girl recently secured a divorce from her husband and married another man, the terms of the decree providing that the daughter spend half her time with her father (who had also remarried) and half with her mother. Meeting a friend of her family after returning from a visit to one of her remarried parents, the little girl was asked "how she spent her time nowadays."

"Well," she replied, "I spend a month visiting my father and my mother; then the next month I go on a visit to my mother and my father."

## Names That Are Hoodoos

If one should be so bold as to characterize the superstitious sailor as silly he would at once declare that there is sufficient reason for his belief and would proceed to prove that war vessels named after stinging and venomous things have been unlucky, and that the country should not be so indifferent to the men who follow "a life on the ocean wave" as to organize a mosquito fleet.

That Snake is regarded as an unfortunate name for a vessel is shown by the fact that two of that name have been lost, one in 1781 and the other in 1847; but no vessel bearing that name is known to exist now. Serpent, which is only a substitute name for Snake, is an unlucky one also, for the one wrecked in 1892 was the fourth British war vessel of that name to meet the same fate. Viper has been an unlucky name in the British navy. The first one was wrecked in 1780, but the Admiralty would not swerve, and so kept the name on the list, each vessel meeting its doom, and the fourth was lost only recently. The French navy has also been unlucky with vessels so named. The Viper, used in the British service after she became a prize from the

French, was lost in 1793. The second was lost a year later, the third in 1797 and the fourth was recently lost in a collision off Guernsey.

The Cobra, another British war vessel, was lost recently at the same time as the Viper. Among other vessels similarly named and which met fates other than in battle are the Rattlesnake, in 1781; the Alligator, in 1782; the Crocodile, in 1784; the Adder, in 1846; three Lizards, two Dragons and one Basilisk. All of these were of the British navy. The list could be made larger by citing the records of other navies.

The Norsemen, who were so fond of naming their vessels against the laws of superstition and using hideous heads of dragons and reptiles on their high prows, were less unfortunate, and these did not meet with frequent disasters. They did have a belief, however, that it was unlucky and a sacrilege to select such a name as did Lord Dunraven for his first yacht to challenge for the America's cup, the Valkyrie. And this belief was strengthened when she was sunk by the Satanita. The second challenger, with the same name, gave trouble, and she was broken up after only a short existence.—Navy League Journal.

## Given a Jammy Sentence

Capt. Krech of the Hamburg-American line's steamship Graf Waldersee was called upon during the trip to pass sentence upon a thief caught stealing aboard the vessel. His manner of conducting the case and his judgment were commended by all the passengers.

Several steerage passengers on the earlier days of the trip frequently missed food and sweetmeats which they had taken aboard, and nothing was known of the culprit until one day a woman, going to her bunk, found a little, flaxen-haired girl busily engaged in emptying a pot of jam which had been concealed there. The little one had the jam plastered all over her face and hands, and in that condition the woman who discovered her led her to the chief steward. He in turn took her before the captain on the bridge.

Many of the passengers, seeing the little girl being dragged before the captain, gathered about to learn the cause of the trouble. Capt. Krech, who on his ship, like other captains, is judge, jury and court of appeals, listened to the charges with a stern

look. Besides learning that the little girl had taken the jam he also learned that her father and mother were poor and could not provide any sweetmeats for her. When the case had been presented Capt. Krech thought over the evidence for a time and, as the girl was caught with the evidence all over her face and hands, he pronounced her guilty.

"This is a very serious case," he said, "and must be dealt with accordingly. The penalty for the first offense is imprisonment. For the second it is spanking, and for the third it is hanging or exclusion from America. But the facts in this case are such that I shall have to be more severe. I therefore sentence you to eat the best jam this ship can produce every time you feel like it. The jam will be supplied by the steward."

The little girl could not understand the meaning of all the talk, but when the steward brought forth a big pot of jam, as ordered, she gave the captain a pretty little smile and marched off with it. From that time on her face was never clean.—New York Times.

## The Power of Love

Quite recently, at Waterford, a pretty and fascinating young lady, who was very popular in the town, fell ill and died. Her death occasioned general regret. She had many friends, and a large number followed her remains to the cemetery. The last rites were said and all returned to their homes, saddened at the loss of one who had been so dear to them.

An extraordinary sequel occurred. A peasant farmer, living in the vicinity of the cemetery, rose early next morning to go to his work. Happening to look over the wall of the cemetery, he was astonished to see a man on his knees beside the newly filled grave. The peasant watched and saw him feverishly scraping away the earth with his hands, not looking aside for one moment.

The onlooker remained with his eyes fixed on the strange sight. To his amazement the mysterious visitor continued his gresome task with unabated vigor, until presently the coffin was laid bare. Then, with the aid of an iron implement, the man forcibly wrenched off the lid.

The climax in the weird drama had

been reached. Bending down over the open shell the stranger who had so wantonly disregarded the sacredness of the spot, gazed long and earnestly upon the face of the dead girl. Then, imprinting one passionate kiss upon her forehead, he raised himself and readjusted the lid, afterward proceeding to fill in the earth over the coffin again.

Meanwhile, however, the authorities had been informed of the occurrence, and the police arrived and arrested an extraordinary intruder. He was taken to the police station and formally charged.

In his possession was found a telegram, handed in at Waterford, and delivered to him at Bristol, telling him of the death of the young lady. It appeared that on receipt of the news he took his passage immediately for Waterford and, on arriving, repaired to the graveside.

When arrested he said: "They thought they could prevent me seeing her, but they were mistaken." He was taken before the magistrate, who committed him to an asylum.—London Mirror.

## Disease a Dear Article

By careful calculation the cost of malarial fever in Texas alone is estimated by Dr. Woldert to be at least \$5,000,000 a year and probably nearer \$10,000,000. One person in twelve in some places is down with the disease. What a good business plan it would be to save three-fourths or nine-tenths of this wasted money by preventing the disease. No physician doubts the possibility; the methods of prevention are well known and are easily carried out.

The public, however—at least its lawmakers—cannot be brought to realize the wisdom of such economy. Money can be found for "junketing tours," public buildings of a political character, and a hundred less necessary measures, but nothing, or next to nothing, for stopping the greatest loss to the community—that from disease. For every dollar spent to pay public health officers and the expense of preventive medicine there can be \$100 saved.

## Ignorant Children.

In a class in a Manchester (Eng.) school not one of the children knew what a bee was. This statement was made at Norwich the other day at the conference of the Museums Association by Mr. Pritchard, of Boston, America. The ignorance in his own town was even greater. Statistics

showed that 77 per cent. of the school children there had never seen a crow, 57 per cent. had never beheld a frog, 20 per cent. had not seen a butterfly, 91 per cent. did not know an elm tree, 75 per cent. did not know what season of the year it was, and 50 per cent. could not say what butter was made of.

Such a pamphlet sent and repeatedly sent to every voter should in time establish competent public health officers and then lessen the mortality rate by half and the morbidity figures by three-fourths. For every death there are two years of sickness and even with our present knowledge at least half of this waste of money and life is unnecessary.—American Magazine.

## Motive Power in China.

From time immemorial the Chinese have depended upon draft animals and man power for transportation by land. The wheelbarrow and the clumsy bullock cart are still used and it is no uncommon sight to see a "freight train" consisting of barrows, with men pushing at the heavy handles and each man's wife walking ahead, pulling bravely at the load. Railroads are coming in slowly. Between Canton and Fatschan are a number of the little old locomotives that did good service for so many years on the elevated railway lines in New York city. These locomotives, by the way, are now pretty well scattered all over the habitable globe.

## Danced on Raft in Salt Mine.

A famous salt mine dance was given at Wieliczka, Austria. One of the most singular features was a great raft, which was made to float on the surface of an underground lake in the mine. On this the dances were conducted, some 300 persons being present. The place was illuminated by torches, and the splendor and impressiveness of it all may be imagined.

## Old Man's Secret.

Alpeca, Mich., Sept. 5 (Special).—Seventy-five years of age but hale and hearty is Mr. Jerome K. Fournier of this place, and to those who ask the secret of his splendid health he gives the good advice "Use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

When asked for his reason for so strongly recommending the Great American Kidney Remedy, Mr. Fournier related the following experience: "I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills because they cured me of Diabetes. I suffered with my kidneys for a long time and suffered terribly from those Urinary Troubles that are so general among aged people."

"Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and eight boxes of them cured my kidneys, regulated my water and made me feel like a hearty young man."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make the old feel young because they make sound kidneys. Sound kidneys mean health and health is the other name for youth.

## Burdened With Big Names.

Pity the babies of a presidential year. Through life they will have to stagger under the burden of names other men have made famous, and they can never live up to them nor live them down. It is like a brand of nonentity stamped upon those who otherwise might have lived peacefully in respectable mediocrity among thousands of their unmarked fellows.—Baltimore American.

## Where Buttons Are Made.

Glass buttons are chiefly made in Bohemia, where children are largely employed. Pearl buttons are almost exclusively a Vienna product, but shirt buttons are made chiefly in Birmingham, which is also the seat of the metal button trade. The most extensive kind of button manufacturing is that of the Parisian and Berlin novelties.

## His View of It.

The story is told by Dr. Abraham Jacobi that a gentleman on being introduced to Dr. Gerster some years ago inquired: "Are you the brother of Etelka Gerster, the great prima donna?" "No," replied the doctor, "Etelka is the sister of Arpad Gerster, the famous surgeon."

## Tar to Lay Just.

Three and a half miles of road in the neighborhood of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris have been treated with tar by the French Anti-dust League.

## BUILDING FOOD

### To Bring the Babies Around.

When a little human machine (or large one) goes wrong, nothing is so important as the selection of food which will always bring it around again.

"My little baby boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.

"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die."

"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts and, although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well."

"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children can be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray filling in the nerve centers and brain. A well fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."